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WEATHER TODAY

Portland, Nov. 18.—Washing- ton and Oregon, Sunday: Rain, and gales along the coast.

RULE OF DUPLICITY.

The short-horn Democracy at present controlling the destinies of the "Citizens" campaign in this city, is fulsome in its denial of working for a wide open town. Then what is it in the field for? Short of this wretched program it had nothing to fight for.

COOL, BUT VERY PLAIN.

The "Boss Democratic(?) gambler" of this city was heard to remark yesterday, "that if we can get your Mayor, Council and Police-Commission this trick, and down your sheriff next June, you fellows are apt to get a little tired, ain't you? The remark was made to a Republican, and considering its source and tenor, was the pattest exposition of the real, actual, genuine, bona-fide, unalloyed reason for their being in the field just now, that has been uttered this season; the only thing that is lacking in the situation, is the echo of its newspapers. Then all hands will know where the local Democracy and its trailers, the Citizens, are, without more ado.

CIVIC MENACE.

The alleged Citizens' movement is a civil menace. In the first place it is not what it pretends to be; it is not what it was meant to be; it has been shorn of its earlier and honest import, and is now used as a cloak for cheap Democratic aspirations. The clean and able Democrats of the city are not affiliated with it in the remotest degree, but the small fry politicians of that ilk are using it to foist themselves upon the public, to attain a point of vantage from which to leap to the more valuable situations on the political staff of the City and County. The trailers are blissfully ignorant of the use that is being made of them and are helping the procession along, but that is the sole occupation of the trailers in the political world, and is must not be wondered at. The Democratic politician does not need any coaching when it comes to making use of anything as easy as the "trailers"; he will get busy with the poor innocent, as spry kitten gets busy with a mouse, only the mouse has enough gumption to make

one try to avoid the cat; a degree of perspicuity not yet attributable to the ordinary citizen following the blind lead of the "Democracy that's out for stuff and place." They may get wise before it is too late.

MASQUERADE IN TOWN.

There used to be a real Citizens' movement in vogue in this city. It served its purpose and like all utilities should have been laid aside when the time came; but it was too handy. It was applicable to other ends, and one of the local parties is applying it now for all the world as though it had inspired the thing primarily. The fag-end Democracy has it employed at the present moment, as a lever for gaining a foot-hold on the political ladder in June. "To what base uses," etc., etc.

NO CANDOR IN DIPLOMACY.

The Berlin Foreign Office feels impelled to give out the statement that Germany will afford Russia no assistance in suppressing a rebellion in Poland should an uprising occur. This statement may be taken for what it is worth, but those experienced in the ways of diplomacy will not attach great weight to it. But why has Germany been constrained to volunteer a disclaimer of this kind at this particular time? If von Buelow simply desired to inform the Russian government that it must not look to Germany for help in a Polish crisis, it could have done so privately instead of publishing it to the world in a manner calculated to add to the embarrassments which are thronging about Count Witte. Probably the impelling motive was a desire to keep the Prussian Poles from joining their Russian brethren in a demand for autonomy.

DON'T FOOL YOURSELF.

Senator Clay of Georgia is quoted as saying that Mr. Roosevelt can have another nomination for the Presidency if he wants it or will take it, and that there would be practically no opposition to him should he run again. This does not at all imply that the South is turning to the Republican party. On the contrary, it is the personal popularity of the President. If one takes pains to scan Southern comments on Mr. Roosevelt closely, he will see that the Southerners have come to regard the President as pretty much a Democrat. They speak of him as standing for Democrat policies and voicing Democratic aspirations. This point of view does not indicate a leaning toward Republicanism—the reverse, rather. The financial issue of 1896 came nearer splitting the South than anything else. The recent elections show that the old slave States are still solid for in Maryland the Democrats elected their State ticket and the Legislature although the constitutional amendment disfranchising negroes was voted down. Secretary Shaw's canvas of Virginia left the State Bourbon as before.—Oakland (Cal.) Tribune.

WISE SELECTION.

The trustees of Columbia University have in the person of Professor John W. Burgess made a happy selection for the first incumbent of the Theodore Roosevelt Chair of American History and Institutions in the University of Berlin, established through the generosity of Mr. James Speyer. Dr. Burgess is admirably qualified to interpret the genius of American political institutions to German students, as he has done noteworthy work in that direction for our own students. The novel plan of exchange in teachers, arranged by the German Emperor and President Butler, contemplates a German professor at Columbia, and it is to be hoped that exchanges between other universities may be made, thus drawing the scholars and students of the nations into closer bonds of sympathy and understanding.

It is to be observed that it is Abe Ruef's enemies that have announced him as a candidate for Senatorial honors. A man is badly enough off when he is in the hands of his friends as a candidate, but when he's in the hands of his enemies his plight is infinitely worse. But Ruef may not trust his political ambitions to the tender mercies of his enemies.

Sells More of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Than of All Others Put Together.

Mr. Thos. George, a merchant at Mt. Elgin, Ontario, says: "I have had the local agency for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy ever since it was introduced into Canada, and I sell as much of it as I do all other lines I have on my shelves put together. Of the many dozens sold under guarantee, I have not had one bottle returned. I can personally recommend this medicine as I have used it myself and given it to my children and always with the best results." For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

Thanks to the Postman

BY TROY ALLISON.—Copyright 1905, by T. C. McClure.

Melissa chewed her pen staff in pretended meditation and kept one eye on Dicky Johnston.

Dicky had shown signs of wandering away from the fold and must be brought back. It was decidedly against Melissa's creed to allow another girl to receive even an iota of admiration from one of her coterie.

There was a girl belonging to the house party, a blond, Melissa thought contemptuously, who had received entirely too much attention from Dicky.

Therefore he must be disciplined. His lesson must be decided at once and to the point. Having decided upon this, Melissa gazed her pen one conclusive nibble and commenced writing hurriedly.



"I KNOW IT WAS A JOKE," HE RESUMED. As there happened to be no one in the library at the time except Dicky and herself, his attention was soon attracted by the aggressive scratching of her pen.

"Why don't you stop and amuse a fellow?" he urged. "What are you writing?"

"Oh, just writing," she replied airily, her tone insinuating that there were subjects beyond his comprehension.

"To a man?" he asked sulkily.

"A very charming man," she assured him impressively. "It's rather an important communication," she continued. "I wish you would look over this page and see if it is too stilted."

Dicky took it up with relieved alacrity, but his face lengthened visibly as he read:

"I have decided that I will marry you. I don't know why I hesitated. If you can get away from town for a day take the Ederton local for Mrs. Wimberly's country place, and you can tell me if you are glad I didn't keep you waiting any longer."

Dicky handed it back and commenced a study of the library fire.

"I don't see how any one could possibly call that stilted," he growled.

Melissa signed the note, sealed it and directed it to Dr. John Hartly. Considering the fact that Dr. Hartly was only a very casual acquaintance and had never asked Melissa to marry him nor had she ever dreamed of his asking her to do so, this literary achievement might be regarded as rather theatrical.

She gathered up her writing materials, slipped the letter into her writing pad and started for the door. Stopping a minute to fluff up her brown pompadour, she fixed a reproachful eye upon the object of her vengeance.

"I never would have thought, Dicky—there were volumes of surprise in her voice—"that you would have cared anything at all for blonds." She went out and shut the door rather decidedly.

As she crossed the hall the letter slipped out and fell to the floor, making no sound on the soft rug. She went upstairs, unconscious of her loss, smiling in anticipation of the interview she would have with Dicky when his repentance had reached a proper depth. It was Melissa's theory, gained in her twenty years, that men needed to be taught lessons occasionally. When Dicky had learned his lesson she would acknowledge that she had not yet sent the letter, but was keeping it for further consideration.

The footman, coming for the letter bag a few minutes later, was unconscious of the inner workings of Melissa's mind. He picked up her letter and posted it with the others.

Two evenings later the maid brought Melissa Dr. Hartly's card. "I took him to the library, miss. He said he could only stay a few minutes and wanted to see you alone."

Melissa went downstairs, her forehead puckered into a wondering frown. She could not imagine why Dr. Hartly had come to Ederton to talk with her about anything.

He came forward to meet her, and she felt a little constrained in her greeting of this man of forty, who seemed so different from Dicky and the others.

"I'm so glad you decided to marry me," he said cordially, his eyes twinkling. "I hoped some woman would come day. You see, I have been so busy—I rather neglected it."

Melissa gazed with astonishment. "Who said anything about my mar-

rying you?" she finally managed to say, her eyes round with surprise.

He took her note from his inside pocket, adjusted his eyeglasses and looked at it carefully.

"I certainly hope I have not been mistaken," he said, handing it to her.

Two large tears rolled down her cheek. "I don't know how on earth—I thought this was upstairs in my writing pad," she said miserably. "It was just a joke to tease Dicky. I—oh, I never was so ashamed in my whole life!" she said, dropping into a big library chair and hiding her face against its back.

He walked behind the chair and, leaning on it, looked down smilingly upon the brown head that rose and fell with each sob.

"I knew there was some kind of joke connected with it, child," he said soothingly. "There was obliged to be some joke about the fact that a girl your age would dream of marrying an old man like me."

"I don't think you are—old," came in muffled tones from the padded back of the chair.

"I knew it was a joke," he resumed, "but it seemed rather—pleasant. Somehow I had an irresistible desire to come and see why you did it."

Melissa's face was still hidden.

"I wouldn't have you feel mortified about it for the world," leaning over until his lips touched a stray tendril of her hair that shone red brown on the black leather chair back. "I am twice as old as you, little girl, but I am young enough to understand a joke. You feel all right about it now?"

The brown head nodded in a comforted manner.

"And yet, Melissa, I can't help realizing how nice it would be—if it were not a joke. If there ever comes a day when you could possibly mean it, won't you send it back?"

The figure was as still as the chair that held it, and Hartly sighed as he turned off.

"Never mind. Of course you could not. I'll say goodbye now and catch the 9 o'clock train for town. Won't you shake hands to show we understand each other?"

Melissa blindly held out a wavering hand that he grasped in his big one.

His expression changed with lightning rapidity, for there could be no doubt about it—the girl had gently pressed into his palm the note that had been concealed in her hand.

"Melissa!" he exclaimed unbelievably, seating himself upon the arm of the big chair.

Prepared For Emergencies.

A well to do Kentucky farmer once invited an acquaintance from a neighboring town to dine with him. The recipient of this courtesy was a man well known in that region for his general crankiness and his propensity to use his gun at the least evidence of what he considered an affront. The farmer, well aware of the touchiness of his guest, with whom, for business reasons, he desired to remain on good terms, always kept a wary eye on his visitor. One afternoon the testy individual in conversation with his host remarked: "I can't account for the queer feelings and impulses that come over me at times. Do you know, the first time I took dinner here I had as much as I could do to master the impulse when one of your sons made a certain remark to whip out my gun and let go." "Oh, don't you worry about that," said the farmer. "I know all about your little falling in that line. My son Jake was standin' in the hallway just back of you with a shotgun. You did well to change your mind. At the first motion toward your hip pocket my son Jake had instructions to blow daylight through you!"

Neighbors, After All.

The wealthy man had told the visitor who was soliciting money for foreign missions that he preferred to help the heathen next door. "I want what I give to benefit my neighbors," said he. The Philadelphia Ledger says the visitor's face took on a look of mild inspiration.

"Whom do you regard as your neighbors?" he asked.

"Why, those around me."

"Do you mean those whose land joins yours?"

"Well—yes."

"How much land do you hold?"

"About 500 acres."

"And how far through the earth do you think you own?"

"Why, I've never thought of it before, but I suppose I own half way down."

"Precisely," said the man who was soliciting aid, with an air of calm triumph. "I suppose you do, and I want this money for your neighbors at the other side of the world—the men whose land adjoins yours at the bottom."

"You're a ready reckoner," said the millionaire dryly, but he drew his check book toward him.

Croup.

A reliable medicine and one that should always be kept in the home for immediate use is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will prevent the attack if given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears. For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

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